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a[redacted] enjoyable evening. The Charlie Wrightsmans have taken an apartment on Fifth Avenue, and their friends have been gaping wondrously at their display of French furniture and china.

Saturday, November 30, 1957

A terrific drop in the stock market after the first news of the President's illness was circulated, was followed by two days of booming prices, which may account in part for the number of plutocrats wandering around this morning looking for jewels for their girl friends.

We lunched at the Colony Restaurant with Mona Bismarck and Tish Baldridge.

At 5:30 we were aboard a TWA plane headed for London. Stopped at Shannon, thence to the London airport for a two hour wait before taking a BEA plane to Duesseldorf.

Much as I like the British, I deprecate their ingenious methods of frustrating foreigners in transit. Baggage passing through to Germany must be checked by the customs, and everything moves at a leaden pace.

Sunday, December 1, 1957

Reached home in Bad Godesberg about 7 p.m., and found everybody, including Carlos, well.

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Monday, December 2, 1957

Mike Handler came to see me this morning. He had invited the Soviet Ambassador and Madame Smirnow to dinner with his wife and himself and another couple. They came without an interpreter and had a frank discussion. He questioned Smirnow regarding George Kennan's plan to neutralize Germany, asking whether that met with Soviet favor. The reply was, "I hope you don't think we are dumb enough to want that unless you give up your bases." He said the Smirnows were [redacted] agreeable and talkative.

I sent a telegram to the Department today about my official automobile in the following terms:

BEGIN QUOTE

I have heard of courtiers pleased when Kings offer them their discarded mistresses but do not have same feeling about accepting Cabinet officer's cast-off Cadillac this Mission. Present car assigned me was second-hand when received by Amb Conant and is estimated to have travelled 175,000 miles. It looks it. Suggest if no new Cadillac, Chrysler or other limousine available, whether of 1957 or 1958 vintage, Department allocate me some humbler model with smaller capacity than standard hearse type. END QUOTE

This afternoon Max Kohnstamm came over from Luxembourg to see me and I talked to him about some matters I am to raise with Jean

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Monnet tomorrow. Kohnstamm says Monnet and he have been working on a financial plan as an addition to the European community projects. Tasca and I have made some studies on the subject here. It is very interesting, and I am to discuss it further with Monnet tomorrow.

Tuesday, December 3, 1957

I had lunch alone with Jean Monnet in his apartment on Avenue Foch. He is immersed in his plans, as representative of the French Government, to obtain foreign credits and to suggest domestic measures to take care, at least temporarily, of the French financial crisis. Per Jacobsen, head of the International Monetary Fund, is here. Jean is working with him, Marjolin, Baumgartner, Schweitzer, Calvet and others. As a long range proposition, he has a group studying the possibility of creating a monetary union of the six nations, but does not want any public discussion of this until he has accomplished his immediate task. He thinks if the necessary reforms are instituted, and credits arranged, France will recover a measure of financial sanity, and if the Algerian war is eventually terminated (he has no sympathy with the Government's present policy), the country will prosper as seldom before, in the shape of a metropolitan entity.

He believes the visit here, to attend the NATO Conference, of either the President or the Vice President, is a mistake, since the

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public expects of them pronouncements more sonorous and substantive than they can properly deliver. He pronounced himself as in favor of a bilateral negotiation between the Soviets and ourselves on atomic disarmament.

He is deeply involved in the selection of a site and the personnel for Euratom and the Common Market, firmly believing in the desirability of housing all activities of the Six in a single center, and not accepting the appointment of administrators on grounds other than those of merit.

We dined tonight at Le Grand Véfour, with Emmet Hughes, the articulate writer of many of the President's speeches, now the head of the Foreign Bureau of Life and Time. He is a good-looking, attractive man, modest and almost unconscious of the power he wields.

Wednesday, December 4, 1957

Tasca, Randolph Burgess, Clarence Hunter and I lunched at the Meurice. In the financial field, as it affects France, things are marching apace. Jacobsen has a project, not impracticable of implementation. The underlying policy decision involved is whether to let France go down the drain in the hope of a Constitutional reform and, as a consequence, to have a change of government with the risk of either a man on horseback or a popular front replacing the moderate but ineffective present cabinet, or to save France on a provisory basis.

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Henry Tasca and I went into the world of antique shops. Afterwards, I called on Amory Houghton, who is to make a major speech tonight before France-Amérique. I thought his paper good. He reports my red burgundies as being excellent. He is a good man.

Then we made a call on Helen Burgess, at our former stronghold in rue Alfred Dehodencq. Isabelle was still there, and her husband, Antoine, enchanted with his private employment as a chauffeur, after years of taxi work.

Helen has found the French [redacted] bitter over our supply of arms to Tunisia, oblivious to their Government's vacillation on this issue.

We left to see the Windsors. The Duke was in London, attending the funeral of his former aide, and my old friend, Fruity Metcalfe, who had died, at the age of seventy, of lung cancer.

Wallis has a flair for interior decoration. She has accumulated a mass of beautiful things, well displayed. A superb mistress of the household, she is served still as Chef by Lucien - one could not do better.

We dined with the Chambers on rue Monsieur, and, as always, it was a congenial evening. Betsy Whitney had been expected, but a pea-soup fog in London [redacted] prevented her arrival.

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